MERMAID

50c VOL. 2 NO. 2

ADULTS ONLY!

THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING WOMAN





DOUBLE YOUR READING PLEASURE:

with the red-blooded stories and sensational photographic articles we've collected for all our readers. One of the many, many luscious lassies you'll meet in this issue will be the voluptuous damsel pictured above. If you'd like to see much more of her . . . start reading inside!

Maurice de Paree

presents...



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"Why Mrs. Bowen—what makes you think I have a man in the room?"





Mermaid

VOL. 2 NO. 2

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The attire is informal and uninhibited. The attitude cool and meditative as the group watches girl dance and sing in unrestrained effort to express herself. Guitarist sitting on mattress on floor accompanies her

PARTYING WITH THE BEATS



MERMAID sits in at a "Beat" party in Greenwich Village. It's like an inside session with the far-out folk, a real close-up of the new generation of Bohemians living it up

It's only in squaresville that the young rebels of the Beat Generation are referred to as beatniks. The proper label is beats. That's one of the first things we learned when our reporter-photographer team wangled an invitation to a beat party in Greenwich Village to record firsthand the folk habits of the new generation of Bohemians.

In some ways they are like the artistic young people who were the Bohemians of other times. In other ways they are different. They are as always, scornful of the conventions of society, interested in new and convention-breaking kinds of art and poetry, seeking answers to the questions of the times in strange new philosophies and familiar ages-old emotions and relationships—namely love, sex and the fellowship of other searching youngsters.

The big difference is that the approach is "cool"—

In a studio hung with examples of abstract modern art and a sign encouraging the search for great poets, shirts and shoes are doffed and guests sit on floor and pass jug of cheap wine to get party going



The beautiful dancer has quietly sat
concentrating on work being read by young poet.



As the party gets going attire and actions
become more relaxed and intimate.



While a couple dances close a drinker tips the jug high and his girl eats
from low bench. But the bearded thinker in the center contemplates
some seemingly serious question which takes him far away.





The "thinker" takes to the jug and starts to smile (above) And the dancing (right) gets pretty far out. But the attitude as the faces indicate is still "cool."

low key. Perhaps this because their guiding philosophy is Zen Buddhism—an Eastern religion with a calm, contained view of life. Perhaps it is because in the H Bomb Age even youth is too sophisticated to act excited even about the things which excite

Maybe this is the best feature of beat approach. Though they will try anything—do things some of you might not approve of, do things others consider foolish—they think about everything they do and try to find out what it means.



Dark haired dancer in scanty sweater forgets restraint in sensuous dance with buckskin jacketed partner.

Relaxed intimate air pervades the party once it is in full swing. Youth center drinks from old fashioned wineskin.



Beautiful brunet in open sweater which hides little of her voluptuous figure studies romantic poem on bare spring bed with the young poet as party gets into the small hours.



Of the beautiful girl at the bar, it certainly could be said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

WHAT A NIGHT!

by *Herbert D. Kastle*

THE BAR IS a quiet comfortable place with dark wood paneling aging hi cheerful customers and an aged cherubic bartender All is respectable discreet all very civilized and loxtrottish it hardly seems part of the actual world You know—like the Saturday Evening Post

Its situated in a quiet hotel between Lexington and Third in the high Sixties a very fashionable area since the El came down and everything started moving east

Everything in New York these days is advertising, publishing and the executive offices of Big Business. I belong to Big Business

"My name's Carl Borden I'm a junior executive All I want is a fling ma am."

At least that's one way I could've put it that night in May if I'd been able to find a reasonably attractive ma am to say it to. But after much action the old date book was finally dry So I shrugged left the studio room apartment I call home and headed for the bar trying to ignore the feeling of springtime awakening—both in the air and in my bloodstream I'd spend a quiet restful sensible evening for a change

As you can gather, the bar was no place in which a lone wolf could find a mate In fact I went there to breathe good clean sexless air as a change of diet from the rumpus rooms I more generally patronized (not because I liked them but because a certain type of females does)—No one ever perked up anyone else in the bar Horace, the pink headed (scalp, not hair) bartender wouldn't have liked it at all Neither would the steady customers

Neither would I, for that matter since I went there to get away from that kind of thing But this night I was restless full of urges best described as "rampant" And yet I just couldn't see myself hunting in the wild places.

I walked down the narrow room and hopped onto the third stool from last—my favorite stool in my favorite bar and my favorite bartender was already mixing my favorite drink gin and tonic. Then I turned my head to the left glancing at the last stool on the line and saw my favorite commodity

She was stacked like a coconut tree The rest was more in conformity with mean measurement if you know what I mean.

To my left the gorgeous creature fiddled with a highball mixer and ignored the highball itself To my right nine of the fourteen remaining stools were occupied by softly chatting people all but two of them men all considerably more advanced along the road to discretion than myself and the lady in black

I began to think we were a couple, made for each other

I erased and discarded half a dozen

All in all she was a tall brunette with a lovely face terrific figure and sedate way of sitting her stool She wore black Black sleeveless cocktail dress cut just low enough black elbow length gloves sheer black stockings with a jet black seam which definitely promised black lace up the road a piece

I didn't move over onto the single stool separating us and ask her to have a drink I wanted to but it just wasn't done here In fact this girl (or woman since I judged her age to be about twenty three or four) didn't belong here Couples occasionally patronized the bar but never lone women of her caliber

I tasted the drink Horace served me smiled my approval and slipped my brek on the counter. He bowed his head a mite his ruddy features lighting up He got more like a Post cover every day—healthy wrinkled faced childish blue eyes barrel round body, and all the rest of it

plans in the next five minutes plans to bring myself into close proximity with that solution to loneliness

But it just wasn't possible to approach her—not here

The soft buzz of voices the occasional outbursts of well golly gee Mark old man that's darned white of you type of conversation, the utter lack of sex drive—never before had the presence of these qualities (if that's what they were) been pounded home so sharply to me

Pick up a girl in here? As soon belch during a lull at the Met

A bellboy entered from the hotel lobby interrupting my thoughts

Telephone for Miss Euridice Tompkins' he called Telephone for Miss Euridice—'

I'm Miss Tompkins," the lady in black said, and her voice was soft sweet lull of husky promise Honey in the horn—exactly

She rose from her stool walked half

(Continued on page 50)





"I say Miss—you dropped something!!



MISCHIEVOUS MERMAID



ELAINE RAY IS A STATUESQUE BRUNETTE BEAUTY WHOSE CHARMS ARE MADE UP OF INTERESTING CONTRASTS. HER FIGURE IS THAT OF A TEMPTING GREEK GODDESS, AND HER FACE HAS A SULTRY APPEAL IN REPOSE. BUT WHEN SHE SMILES OR MOVES THERE IS AN ELFIN, MISCHIEVOUS QUALITY THAT IMMEDIATELY BUBBLIES UP.





THERE IS GAY LAUGHTER CLOSE REHIND THE PROVOCATIVE SMILE, AND SHE CAN FLING HER SEDUCTIVE FIGURE INTO THE RAMRUNCTIOUS SPRAWL OF AN EXHURERANT TEEN-



AGER RUT WHEN SHE DOES SHE ADDS THE CHARMS OF THE SECOND WITHOUT LOSING THE ALLURE OF THE FIRST ELAINE IS ALL WOMAN, RUT PARADOXICALLY SHE IS ALSO PART LITTLE GIRL ALTOGETHER THOUGH AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S A FINE COMRINATION








hw johnson

THE GIRL WHO GAVE FULL VALUE

by Christopher Quincy

THE ONE THING you could say for Fran Biddle was that she always did a good job. The copy she turned into her paper was always accurate, always on time, always clean and neat. The men at the rewrite desk liked to get hold of her stuff. They knew they wouldn't have to fool around with it much. They knew they could trust her facts. It was the way Fran Biddle was. "I'm getting paid to do a good job," she always said. "I always give full value. I don't like to cheat anybody of anything. If I don't think I'm getting paid enough for the work I can always quit. As long as I'm picking up my pay check every week I give them their money's worth." And so for that everybody at the paper liked her.

But it was about the only thing they liked her for. The rest of the things about Fran Biddle weren't so prepossessing. For one thing, she kept pretty much to herself. She didn't stand around in bars after work with the boys, gossiping about the newspaper business. Nor for that matter did she allow any of the boys to take her home at night, which was something most of the boys would have enjoyed doing. For the fact was Fran Biddle was far from ugly. No raving beauty, but a nice handsome piece of goods that any man with the right way about him would enjoy seeing a good deal of. Her hips were round and solid, and her breasts were full and well molded. Her legs were smooth and nicely curved. Her hair was cropped close in short ends, a deep brown which went well with her pale, creamy complexion.

But of course the trouble was that Fran Biddle dressed to show none of this off to best advantage. She tended to wear loose fitting white blouses, dainty jackets, and longish skirts. It was only if you caught her bending a certain way that you could be sure the goods were really packed away there under those prim garments. But that was the only way anyone would find out.

Not that the boys hadn't tried, at least at the beginning when Fran had first come to the paper. Some of them had taken her out offering to spend a little for champagne dinner and maybe theatre tickets. But she never let them spend the money. "Just a hamburger and some beer," she always said. "I always give my money's worth, and I'm not going to give out anything worth champagne and theatre tickets." So after awhile the boys gave up concluding that she was one of those hard boiled virgin career girls who would pat around with the boys as long as it didn't go any further. They were as it happens quite wrong about this, but they didn't know that until much later.

In any case, when the vice story broke McPherson put Fran Biddle on it. It wasn't much of a story, some call girls had been picked up along with two or three unimportant business men. The paper tried to push it. Things had been dull for a week or so and the paper needed something. But there wasn't really enough story to last for more than a day or so. So McPherson put Fran Biddle to work. "Pick yourself up a chippy some place," he grunted around his cigar. "Hang around with her for awhile and find out what it's like to be a call girl. I want the inside story, the human interest side of it." It seemed like a good idea. It would push the vice story a little longer than it might have gone otherwise.

So Fran Biddle put on her neatly tailored suit, went over to an Eighth Avenue bar the boys had told her about, took a look around, and slipped onto a bar stool next to a girl in a low cut red dress. The girl was heavily done up with makeup, and her hair had been worked over so that it curled enticingly down her shoulders. The girl was drinking a Manhattan and Fran Biddle ordered the same. For a moment she sat there drinking it and then she turned to the girl next to her and said, "Dull night, honey?"

The girl turned to face Fran and peered at her curiously. For a moment she said nothing, and then she

(Continued on page 52)

Reporters have been known to risk their lives to get a good story—and Fran was ready to risk something equally precious....

FROLIC IN THE SUN

A beautiful sun-worshipper, a bright day, some sand and water are all the ingredients for a perfect cheesecake outing for a photographer. If the beauty, in addition to being a voluptuous blonde in a sun-loving bikini, also happens to have a sense of humor and loves to mug as well as look glamorous, that's an added bonus.













We had it all with the girl in the "lonely hearts bikini" strategic positions. But we couldn't imagine charms times, no matter how glamorous she is, or how many fellows special fellow comes along. And I'm still looking for enjoying looking"





That's what she called it because of the single hearts that decorate the suit in like hers associated with lonely hearts We said so. "Every girl gets lonely some she has," our thoughtful beauty replied, gazing at the sea, "until the one that one." Then she struck a pose and grinned, "Of course it's a big field, and I'm And she winked and blew us a goodbye kiss.

The Woman of A Thousand LOVERS

Mystic, genius, drug addict, alcoholic, sensualist, and deeply religious, she lived a tragic life, and drowned in the African desert

by John Batiste

THE ALGERIA sun was broiling the desert sand. The Fieneb mounted Spahis came galloping back to their border outpost after a gruelling patrol. Fierce moustached warriors booted and spurred, cast in the mold of professional soldiers by iron discipline.

Few of them gave a second look at the thin scrawny figure in a soiled *jeballa* sitting astride a gaunt horse. The only spot of color was the bright red of the rider's boots.

The moustached non-com bringing up the rear of the troop pointed with his thumb. "It is S' Mahmoud" he said. He made an obscene gesture with his thumb and finger.

The corporal, a tall broad shouldered young Arab made a gesture which said plainly that he thought the sergeant was romancing. His senior shrugged. "If you don't believe me, try it. You'll sell my boy. I will have one of the men see to your horse."

After the column had been dismissed, the Spahi corporal approached the lonely figure on the horse. "S' Mahmood" he said with a flashing smile, "I would talk with you."

S' Mahoud answered in Arabic. "Come then it is the will of Allah." She dismounted. The corporal took the bridle of the horse, and they walked across the sand to a small shed used for storing ammunition. The place was empty. The corporal tethered the horse, and went inside. He slipped off the burnoose and tunic. S' Mahoud was already undressed, her sparse clothing tossed on the sandy floor.

She was wearing only the fine leather boots. The corporal's eyes gleamed. He was hungrily surveying a woman who might have been a boy, a fact which offered a double attraction. Tall and slim, her body was entirely without breasts. Her sallow face had exaggerated high cheek bones, the black eyes were slanted upwards. He took her savagely, after the manner of his kind. Later they smoked hashish, and indulged in orgiastic practices known only to the sons and daughters of the desert.

At four thirty the next morning, the strange woman graciously led him to the entrance of the fort and handed him over to the safekeeping of the guard. "If the colonel wishes to punish him," she said with an air of hauteur, "Say he has been with S' Mahmoud."

Then she mounted her horse, and rode to the nearbye *souk*, a shanty brothel which catered to the troops, slated for early patrol, and sat expectantly in one of the stalls. When a man came who pleased her, she beckoned to him. For hours she toiled and sweated

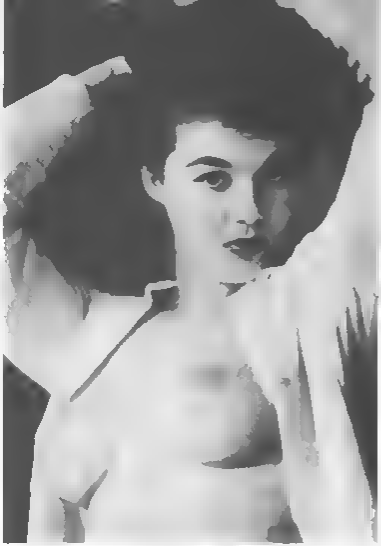
(Continued on page 48)



BEAUTY IN FULL BLOOM









We believe Sandra English is the perfect symbol of young beauty in full bloom Dark eyes, dark hair, and perfect oval face are blended with a youthfully lush figure into what must get pretty close to most young men's dream of the form romance should come in
If she isn't the ideal of youthful beauty, we'd welcome suggestions, illustrated, from readers







Sandra's a girl who likes to loll around the house, dreaming romantic daydreams, striking poses—humorous, sexy, and dramatic—as she ponders the career ahead of her. Already a hard-working young model who aspires to a career in show business, she is not entirely an indoor girl, however. Her lithe and firm figure should tip you off to that. She studies dancing and likes to swim and take long walks on the beach for exercise, but she prefers to do it with a date.







"Almast everything is more fun when you do it with a nice guy far campany," she sighed. Needless to say, there are cauntless nice guys farever banging an her daar and ringing her telephone. And she enjoys the campany af quite a few of them—na steady attachment at this time. She feels she has pleny af time yet, and her immediate concern is ta get ahead in her career.

"But," she added hastily, "I dan't want ta concentrate an that sa hard that I farget ta be the kind af girl bays like. I dan't want ta forget I'm a girl. And I dan't want anybody else to forget it either."


THE WIFE



Women may differ in unimportant ways,

but in one respect they're all alike...

by William Ringel

STRETCHING languorously between the rumpled, body warmed sheets Gloria drowsily eyed a double vision of Biff stepping into trousers before the mirror Two broad, bare upper torsos, reflecting the pink glow of vanity lamps straightened simultaneously to expand into muscular, "Atlas"—ad physiques

What a sight! Gloria mused appreciatively As if one of him wouldn't be enough—if she had it all for herself!

The wishful reverie dissolved when Biff walked over to the bed Check me, will you, honey?"

A tight fist of fury knotted in her Check, check and double-check," she growled, her full soft face setting in hard lines of annoyance 'Your wife have 20 20 vision or somethin'?

Pushing herself to sitting position she swished her long blue black hair angrily from side to side as she reached for the nylon peignoir alongside the bed The tempo of her movements slowed to give full, prolonged view to the exposure of her nakedness

(Continued on page 59)

THE WORLD'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

THE WORLD'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN




THE SISTER

He was prepared to face anything but the girl who finally came into the room...

by **Douglas Woods**

FIRST THING, Frank knew, he'd have to fire Miss Jones. In a way, the job would be a pleasure. In another way it wouldn't. Certainly it would be less than fun to have to fire anybody. Frank was kindhearted basically although he knew that in his new position as office manager he couldn't allow sentiment to interfere too much. Nonetheless he didn't like to have to fire anybody and certainly it would not be pleasant to have to fire anybody who had been with the business as long as Miss Jones had.

But then on the other hand he had been aching for Miss Jones's scalp for sometime. So for that matter had everybody in the office. Miss Jones was inefficient. Miss Jones was lazy. Miss Jones came in late a good deal, and Miss Jones went home early even oftener. It was a wonder that she hadn't been fired before. Nobody could understand it. Now if she had been pretty it would have been a different matter. Anyone would understand an office manager keeping a pretty girl on even if she was a trifle less than efficient. But to put the matter bluntly, Miss Jones was homely. She tended to wear sack dresses which hid her figure leaving everybody to suspect that there was very little of value under whatever she wore. And her face, well, it wasn't ugly really, it had a lot of character perhaps, but that was about all that could be said for it. And so how Miss Jones had managed to outlast three office managers nobody knew. The office managers had come and gone, but Miss Jones went on forever. Nobody else could fire her, of course. The big brass upstairs wouldn't interfere with the office managers, and of course nobody else downstairs had the power to do it. She had a sister Miss Jones did, and Frank wondered if that had anything to do with it. But it didn't seem likely.

But now Frank had that power, and of course he would have to do it. He would have to do it in the first place to show the rest of the staff that he meant business, that they couldn't get away with slackness and sloppy work. It was important. Frank felt, to get off on the right foot. He was a young man, twenty-eight, perhaps, and he definitely was on the way up. Ordinarily they didn't appoint men as young as he for office manager. But Frank was a comer. He'd move up rapidly, there was no doubt of that.

So, for the first few days in his new job he kept busy, familiarizing himself with the position, making a few minor changes in office procedure, and generally taking hold of the reins. He knew that he was avoiding his unpleasant duty with regard to Miss Jones. And he knew he couldn't go on putting it off much longer. The staff would begin to wonder. Yet still he hesitated. It wasn't pleasant to have to fire anybody. Especially Miss Jones. For she was a friendly sort. She spoke kindly to everybody, she did not indulge in petty office gossip, she was first to go round with the collection box when one of the girls had a baby or got married. But still, she was hopelessly inefficient.

And so Frank addressed himself to the problem. Perhaps if he gave her a warning. Perhaps if he spoke to her sternly she might straighten herself out. Perhaps if he called her on the carpet and gave her the old what-for she'd pay attention and buckle down to business.

But even as he thought this he knew it wouldn't work. He sighed. Other office managers had given Miss Jones the old what-for. It had never worked. Miss Jones was very simply incorrigible. She would have to go. And Frank knew it.

And so the next day he determined that that would be the day. No fooling, no putting it off any longer, no messing around. He would simply call her into the office, tell her gently but firmly that the company no longer needed her services, and then arrange for a decent severance check. Certainly she had been with the company long enough for a decent check.

But still he was uneasy about it and thus it wasn't until eleven-thirty in the morning that he called her in.

"Shut the door, please, Miss Jones," he said.

She stood before his desk, looking down at him. "Yes?" she said in a puzzled way.

"Sit down, Miss Jones," he said, feeling unhappy. He put on his sternest look to help tide him over and Miss Jones sat down a little puzzled and expectant.

Frank leaned back. "Miss Jones," he said, "I suppose you realize that you are continually late to work."

She nodded almost pathetically. "I can't always help it. You see I oversleep sometimes. My sister does not like to get up."

Frank tried to make his voice curt. "The other girls manage to get in on time," he said.

Miss Jones cast her head down sadly and said nothing.

Frank cleared his throat and continued. "To make matters worse, you go home early a good deal. And on top of it all, your work leaves something to be desired. The Jensen account, for example. It's a mess. I suppose you know that."

Her head bent over even further. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

Frank shook his head. "How long have you been with the firm?" he asked.

She kept her head bent forward. "Eight years," she said. "Since I was eighteen."

Frank was somewhat surprised. She was twenty-six then. It was younger

(Continued on page 56)

THE MAN THE GIRLS ARE CRAZY TO SEE





Four beauties—(from left) Mary Hagen, Marjorie Vana, Barbara Eberhardt and Ina Anders—discuss the ins and outs of posing for glamour shots with Pat.

Pat gives blonde Ina Anders some last minute tips on angles for a publicity shot



Agent Pat Pagnotta is a guy with a dream job: examining the charms and appraising the talents of beautiful girls

It's hard to imagine a better job for a red-blooded American male than the one that Pat Pagnotta has. Pat, an amiable New Yorker with dark hair and an engaging grin, is a theatrical talent agent.

His agency, one of Manhattan's busiest, is be-sieged daily by beautiful actresses, singers, dancers and models, and it is Pat's job to meet them, look at their faces and figures and talents and find jobs for them in show business.





Pat demonstrates how he wants the girls to put it over at audition for a musical which is being cast for Broadway

Pat directs as the girls prepare to run through a trial scene Rehearsing them, giving beauty hints, and warning them about various producers special likes and dislikes are all part of his job



Barbara takes a break while Pat works on a step with other girls.



Pat corrects slight flaw in Marjorie Vann's make-up other girls study the change

I always liked girls, Pat chuckles So I decided to pick a job where there would be plenty of them around This sure fills the bill

With a gleam in his eye he points out that he doesn't mind working long hours and never loses his enthusiasm for his business He is more than a fellow who hangs around with good looking frails however Not only does he know his way around show business as an experienced judge of talent, but he is an expert on what a girl can do to improve her chances and he serves as a sympathetic and helpful adviser to youngsters who want to make their way to stardom



Pat adds a few last minute words of advice as Barbara prepares to change clothes and head for the audition.



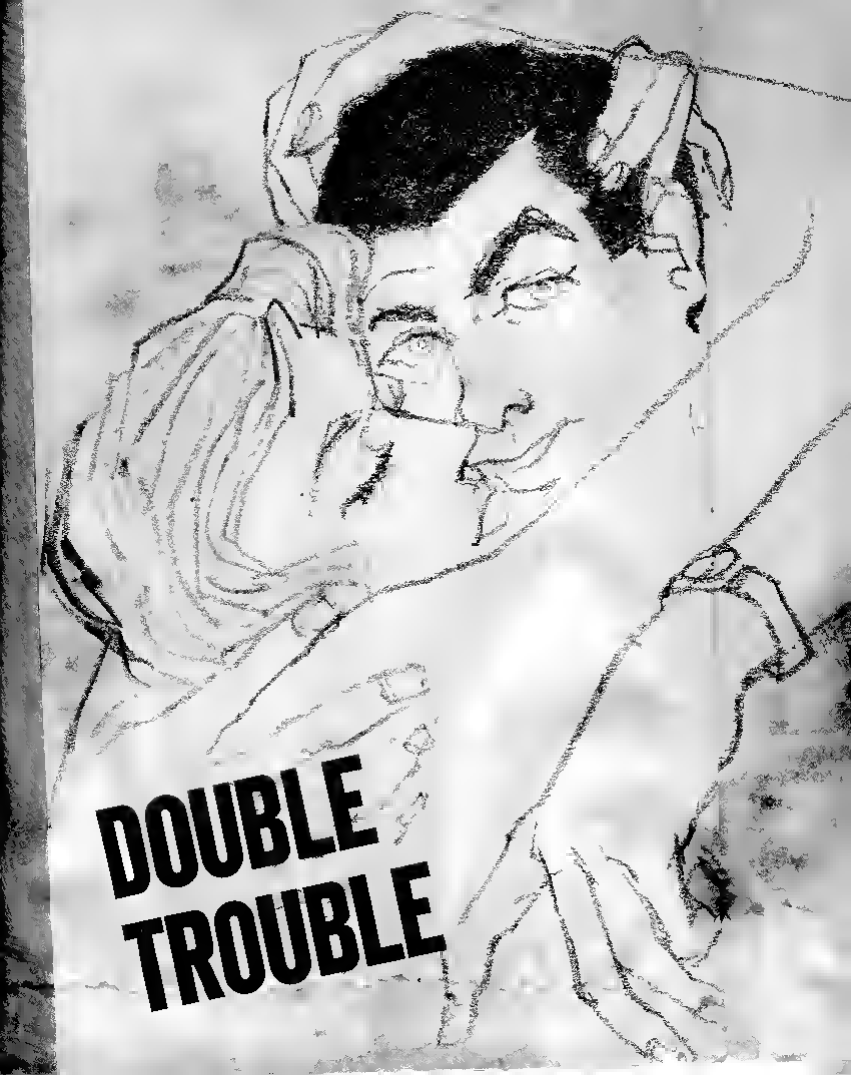
Pat's girls take care of him, just as he takes care of them. Often too rushed to eat properly, he is fed by girls



When work's over and day is done—Pat ends up with another pretty girl, only now it's not business.

Mary Hagen and Marjorie Vann talk it over during a break, while Pat discusses a point with Barbara.




DOUBLE
TROUBLE

When a psychiatrist goes to a psych[illegible] expect some very sensatio[illegible]

Dr. Collins had [illegible] particular and [illegible] ful in selecting [illegible] chiatrist to talk [illegible] [illegible] to let this [illegible]

[illegible]

by [illegible]

Princess Ergus

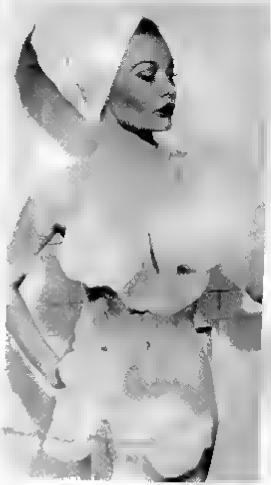
The Lady We'd Like To Abdicate With

Captivating Princess Wilhemenia is of German royalty. A haughty lady one moment and an alluring and exciting sloe-eyed Oriental type beauty the next she is equally provocative in drapery as well as in a bubble bath



What King or Royal sovereign would marry a commoner in preference to a bone-fide princess such as Wilhemenia? Italy has come up with some ravishing gals like Gina and Sofia but now she has outdone herself with this bell-ringer









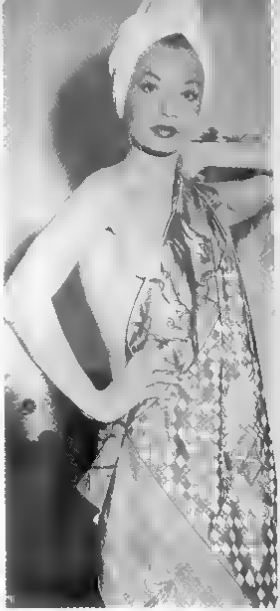


Princess Wilhemena can even take a bubble bath with high fashion and dignity. A cat may look at a Queen but the princess has a legion of admirers who would spend their waking hours doing nothing but staring at her exotic beauty.





Long may the princess reign as beauty Queen. She is one of the newest and freshest personalities to appear in print in a long while. With her looks and figure, we think she'll reign a long, long time.



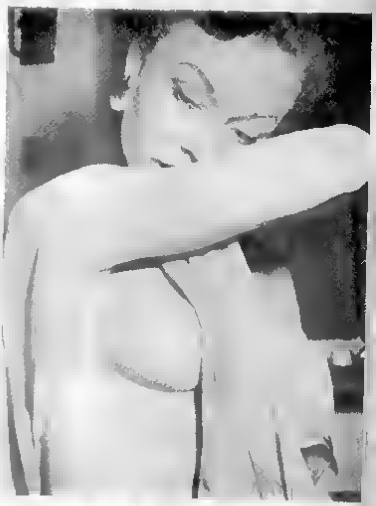
The princess tapes in at a harmonious 36-23-35







She resides in Italy where she is in high demand as a photographer's model



Loveliness? Did you ever see anyone as hauntingly attractive as her highness?





 (Continued from page 24)

as the sun came up Flees hopped over her naked body flies crawled over her Men came to her expurgating their lust revelling in the pleasure she provided Hardly once did she open her eyes Recalling these frenzied days, she wrote, "When I suffer I begin to live" Said one of her friends 'She made love for the sake of love, and all the time she had the smile of a child"

One of her close friends was France's General Lyaotey the man who established the foundations of France's North African Empire He respected and trusted her although the local French administrators would have nothing to do with her 'No one knows Africa as she does," he said

NO WOMAN surely ever lived a stranger life that Isabelle Eberhardt, daughter of a Russian Czarist general Born in Switzerland where her mother had eloped with a massive Rasputin-like unfrocked monk, Isabelle spent her first eighteen years in the lap of luxury, the General having conventently died, and left a huge fortune to his erring wife Inwardly however she seems to have been a troubled soul Two of her brothers committed suicide With one of them Augustine, she had her first violent experience of love. It left her restless and melancholy She was already studying Arabic which she had started to pick up when her unhappy brother left home to join the Foreign legion at Sidi Bel Abbes Separated from him she wrote in her diary that no one would ever understand the depths of their anffering

After her brother had marched away as a raw recruit in the famous regiment, Isabelle fell in love with a handsome Turk. As a result of this Union she improved her knowledge of Arabic Perhaps, because the Turk chided her on being flat chested she decided to dress as a man

So it was, the inhabitants of the little village in North Africa where she lived became accustomed to seeing a tall slim young French sailor. Tiring of this she adopted Arab robes, always male Here, she learned to smoke hashish and drink Amisette, and indulge in the sex orgies that will for ever be associated with her name Both she and her mother had become converted to Islam Between her bouts of excess she devoted herself to writing articles and short stories

Soon her name became a legend Speaking fluent Arabic, and writing passionate articles for the native language papers Isabelle seemed to have forgotten her Slavic accestry She was native of the natives with one exception While most rich Arab women stayed hidden behind the veil, living in perpetual seclusion and the wives of the nomads existed like animals, Isabelle maintained her advanced European idea of freedom

She wanted freedom in everything, the freedom of the creative artist, and the woman who was searching for her soul Although a Mahomedan, she drank heavily Her drinking spells lasted for months at a time Stupefied, she turned to sex with some Bedocin or trader Completely uninhibited she provided the lusty desert nomads with the sensual delights they craved As a lover of this type, she seems to have been without equal. She loved the Arabs, and she felt there was nothing too good for them When she offered her emaciated body in the stalls of the native brothels, she generously gave the few francs she earned to the native prostitutes.

Her spells of indulgence were usually followed by periods of prayer and self denial Religion fascinated her She fasted rigorously prayed for long periods and generally lived like an ascetic

After her mother died, she contemplated suicide One of her lovers took her to the window of the hotel in which they had been living, and showed her the stone pavement She recoiled in horror, and embarked on another violent sex orgy

When the men involved had tired of her or she had tired of them, she bought herself a horse and galloped away into the Sahara to spend hours in solitary contemplation of the desert in its various moods and seeking sex appeasement where she could find it

At one point, she returned to Algiers, emancipated and broke There she met a Turish diplomat He proposed marriage and told her that he expected to be sent to an oriental country Isabelle was in raptures She dumped her Arab clothes and habits, and bought conventional European clothes She and her fiancee travelled to Paris. The Turk was devoted and passionate She appeared at diplomatic and society functions with him Her bizarre beauty created a furore.

One day her fiancee came back to their hotel bursting with excitement The Sultan had appointed him to a magnificent position He was to be Islam's ambassador to Holland

He never saw his exotic fiancee again Dressed as a man, with her hair cut short, she shook the dust of Europe off her feet, and headed for the desert that she loved so much. Some small French newspapers had commissioned her to act as their correspondent. The widow of a famous explorer who had been assassinated in Tripoli commissioned her to track down her husband's slayers.

Europe was now out of Isabelle's life She literally lost herself in the desert, writing and meditating Her figure became familiar to the sphnis and the nomads She became a camp follower with the camel trains, riding by day and indulging in unspeakable orgies by night, sleeping in filthy hovels or on the sand in the open When she was too fatigued to ride, she broke away from the others, and sat alone contemplating the desert Her longing for space was her ruling passion. A sunset in the desert, she once declared produced in her a spiritual and physical orgasm

She alternated her periods of excessive spirituality with bouts of sensuality Allowed to join the Kadyras, a strict religious order, she studied to become a woman priestess hoping to be initiated into Sufism She was writing all the time recording her emotions in a diary She sat at the feet of religious leaders, and then dashed off once more into the desert to engage in brutal enjoyment of the senses.

In one Arab town she met a young Spahi, a handsome fellow who was tuberculat. She fell hopelessly in love She and Shimene assaulted each other passionately, making love so frequently that once she records they both thought they were dying. When they were apart, they wrote passionate erotic letters to each other

Finally they talked of marriage They would set up a small shop Shimene's brother would run it for them All they needed was capital. Isabelle wrote to her brother who owed her money He replied that he had been swindled by a lawyer There was nothing left. Isabelle was now pawning her few belongings to live.

Their affair continued. Shimene found in her what every Arab dreamed of She was a woman who looked like a man and she provided him with the sexual pleasures of both sexes It did not matter to Isabelle that he had not even enough money to buy her a cigarette

This may have dawned on the young Spahi one day when he found she was missing. He shrugged it off with the true fatalism of his kind As for Isabelle, she was now under the domination of a fanatical character named Si Lachmi leader of the Kadyras who pictured himself as a reincarnation of the Prophet The old scoundrel lived high wide and hand some He literally hypnotized Isabelle plunging her into the wildest orgies, lashing her as a penitent, and using her as his mistress

When he tried to take her on a religious pilgrimage dressed as a boy members of his sect revolted A fanatic tried to shoe off her head missed his target but almost severed her hand His trial became an international incident with all the sorry intrigues that beset the famous Dreyfus case. The French civil authorities wanted to be rid of the mad woman of the desert as the press described her The Army wanted to keep her in Africa

As a result of the trial she was exiled Returning to Shimene her Spahi lover, she proposed a suicide pact He agreed and brought his service revolver to their rendez vous Isabelle brought a bottle of Absinthe. They drank and made love under the stars. They read poetry to each other and fell asleep. When they awoke in the morning, someone had stolen the revolver

For a time she lived in Marseilles. Dressed as a man she worked as a docker In her spare time she wrote passionate letters to her lover and published a few short stories One day a familiar figure knocked at the door of the slum where she lived Shimene had been transferred Now they could be married

A few weeks later, now a French subject by marriage she left for Africa with her husband

While Shimene worked, she began to drink, surrounding herself with left wing writers, rebels and deviates They were living in the small town of Tenes, at the time The stories of her orgies, and the articles she had written against the ruling regime, reached the ears of the French colony She and her husband were arrested accused of buying Arab votes in an election

Isabelle still dressed as a man defended them both and obtained an acquittal Her demeanor in court impressed the owner of a newspaper in Algiers He offered her room and board in return for her services From here she set out to join Colonel Lyautey's campaign on the frontiers of Morocco

Her reports were brilliant. Her personal conduct shocked even the rough French soldiers She drank excessively fornicated with anyone who would take her on, but preferred Arabs to Frenchmen Sometimes she obliged as many as fifty in a single day I love them all she said Once when she was bedding with a French officer she jumped out of bed in a rage and called for an Arab

Such conduct did not endear her to the European troops All this time she was writing to Shimene, sending him money, recalling their ecstacies, and yearning to start with him again

Because the soldiers were tiring of her she began to traffic in young girls and hashish She herself was a hag Her teeth were falling out, she was diseased and dirty and she was only thirty Yet, in spite of everything her dispatches were bringing her fame and money

At the end of the campaign she was reunited with her husband She had rented a shack at Ain Sefra on the edge of the Sahara. Lyautey knowing she was sick and valuing her help suggested that she should enter the hospital which the French had built on high ground overlooking a dried up stream where the poor people lived Isabelle refused She was an Arab and she would live with the Arabs. As if in defiance of convention she took possession of a house in the area allocated to the public brothels. Here she and her beloved Shimene engaged in another honeymoon, carousing and loving When their feast was over Si Mahmoud started to write.

When she was taken sick the devoted Shimene took her to the hospital Si Mahmoud stayed one night The next morning she was up early not even waiting to see the doctor and set out to walk home She wanted to drink and love with Shimene

Of this she was cheated by a freak of nature A sudden storm burst from the sky pouring out thousands of tons of water The date was October 21, 1904 A torrent came thundering down from the mountains, carrying people cattle and debris in its raging grip Si Mahmoud reached the shack She was seen watching the swirling water just before it upturned the shack and carried her away.

Two days later her body was found and buried with honor in an Arab cemetery So she died, a tragic *femme fatal* ironically enough drowned in the desert she loved so much Behind her she left some of the most beautifully written literature, and memories Of her the great General Lyautey said "I loved her for what she was and for what she was not"

What was she? There has never been a satisfactory answer to the question That she was a distorted genius none can deny but what prompted this aristocratic Russian girl to seek the solitude of the desert, and indulge in excesses that were unequalled even by the soldiers of fabulous Foreign Legion? One women who knew her said she was a mystic A close friend said she was an alcoholic Another said she was the most repulsive female he had ever met. Yet thousands of men remembered her as the most fascinating lover

The end

WHAT A NIGHT! *(Continued from page 10)*

the length of the bar and turned right between two of the booths She walked through curtained glass doors into the hotel lobby

But "walked" isn't really the word

As an old jazz-musician friend used to say about his lady love 'She flows like wine, man No bones, just flesh Crazy!'

I sipped my drink and watched the lobby doors. A moment later, Euridice Tompkins returned. I tried to catch her eye, sedate her or not, but she went by without seeing me

I saw her The front view was terrific the back incredible!

After my pressure returned to something approximating normal I again mulled over the problem of how to meet her I was still mulling when another bellhop entered paging another woman

"Miss Lois Derenger Telephone for Miss Lois Derenger"

I stared at her Not that she didn't have enough pure stuff for any two women but still—

She made it to the exit and I gave the departing view my absolute and devoted attention That black dress was thin and tight. Miss Euridice Tompkins Lois Derenger wore practically nothing under it

My mouth went dry I finished the gin and tonic and ordered another Horace tilted his adorable head and twinkled with his adorable eyes "Lovely evening isn't it sir?"

I glanced up sharply, wondering if he'd spotted my interest in the brunette and was being funny But he smiled his adorable smile and said quite innocently "Spring nights are best"

"Yes" I said and before he could leave added, "By the way. I've never seen that young lady in here before—the one who was sitting at the end of the bar Know her, Horace?"

He glanced at the empty stool "The rye and ginger? No, sir" He waited, expecting me to explain my interest (He obviously hadn't noticed the two name bit)

I played it safe. "Fine looking woman Thought I'd seen her in my apartment house, or around the neighborhood Wondered if I should not—"

Horace said nothing, and managed to do it disapprovingly

I cleared my throat. 'Well, guess not."

He favored me with a forgiving smile and hurried off to administer to a distinguished looking tummy who was hiccuping for his eighth Bacardi I could've booted his nonconsonder able rear! Why couldn't he be an evil minded purveyor of pornographic stories like most bartenders? I'd have given him a few bucks and he'd have managed to introduce me to the brunette. Instead, he insisted on playing the jolly old gnome—

She was back I'd been so busy damning Horace that I'd missed her passage to her stool I felt it was quite a loss

But she made up for it. She turned slightly in my direction (though her eyes were still on that highball mixer) and crossed her lovely legs. The dress hiked a bit and she moved around a bit, and before everything was back in place I'd caught a glimpse of creamy thigh and black garter strips.

Now I'm a big boy thirty-one years of age and, not to brag I've been there once or twice But I reacted like a seventeen year old at his first burlesque show

I looked at her, and kept looking at her determined to meet her eyes, smile and ask for a cigarette or something I just had to create some togetherness with that doll and not of the McCall's variety

But she never looked up Not once. Not for a single second It was the most amazing performance of concentration on a plastic highball mixer I've ever seen!

And then in came a bellhop the one who'd first paged her. "Miss Diana Humphries Telephone for Miss Diana Humphries"

"Here," the object of my blazing fantasies called "I'm Miss Humphries"

I didn't get it.

Neither did the bellhop—and, unless he'd compared notes with his fellow hopper he was aware of only two names I knew of three—to date

"But you—" the bellboy began

She slipped him a coin, and a smile, and he forgot such inanities as dual names. He and I both gave that departing, undulating blacksheathed body our undivided attention When she was gone the bellboy turned and looked around the bar and finally hit on me. "Man," he said thickly, "ain't that something?"

I responded as would any patron of the bar 'I beg your pardon?"

"Cheez!" he said And you're young looking too! This place does something to people!" He hurried out, as if afraid he'd be affected similarly

I leered into my drink, congratulating myself on not having shared my lust with the callow youth Let him think I was unaffected Let them *all* think it! Meanwhile, I'd make my devilish plan—

I came to with a start What was my devilish plan? I hadn't succeeded in having her so much as glance at me

And yet I just couldn't conceive of going home to bed—alone Not after having seen that terrific creature.

Well, I told myself *if the worse comes to the worse, you can always look her up in the phone book and try—*

But what was her name—Euridice Tompkins, Lois Derenger or Diana Humphries? Or were they all phony?

I broke out in a pamuked sweat

What if she didn't come back to the bar and I couldn't find her in the book and I never saw her again?

The possibility was intolerable.

I jumped off my stool and ran for the lobby doors. I knew Horace was staring after me disapprovingly, and so were several patrons. But they could all go straight to Independence Square!

We met at the doors, the lady in black and myself, head on—except that her generous confirmity to mammalian construction prevented the encounter from going beyond chests and a very brief brushing of middles.

It was heaven!

I fell into something approaching a catatonic state and muttered gibberish. Then, on the pretext of steadying my self, I reached out and took her arms above the gloves. Her flesh was firm and cool. I muttered more gibberish.

"I beg your pardon?" she said.

"Sorry . . . wouldn't hurt you for the world . . . are you bruised up there? . . . do you happen to have a cigarette? . . . my name is Carl Bradden . . . sure you're not bruised? would you like a cigarette? . . . I have a wonderful ointment for bruises, how about—"

At that point she pulled free, stepped around me and returned to her stool.

I stood there utterly defeated, yet unwilling to accept it. I wanted to offer her everything, anything, for a little kindness. Well, a night of kindness, let's say.

At that thought something else occurred to me, and I began putting one and one together. It added up to a symbolic two blocks.

The beautiful face and body combined with a seemingly contradictory unawareness of or casual resistance to normal male approaches. The three names, that I knew of. The three telephone calls—

Why sure!

I was disappointed for a moment and annoyed with myself for being so sophomoric the next. Sure, I'd visualized myself as sole possessor of that undulating body, but since I hadn't been able to interest her any way, play for pay was a good deal.

I still couldn't feel happy, but I shrugged, went into the hotel lobby and over to the row of three phone booths. I passed at the first, read the number in the center of the dial, and stepped into the second. I dialed, heard the phone in the booth behind me ringing, watched a bellhop run to answer it.

"Miss Enridee Tompkins, please," I said. "Try the bar."

A moment later, "Miss Enridee Tompkins, alias another two broads, made her exciting way across the lobby. I hid my face. She entered the booth behind me, closed the door, said "Yes?"

"I'd like to see you tonight."

"Who is this?"

"You wouldn't know me. A friend—recommended you. Can you come to my apartment in half an hour? It's just a few blocks away."

There was a long pause, and I wondered if I'd made a mistake. But then she said, "It's ten now. I've got—appointments at ten-thirty and twelve. Perhaps tomorrow—"

"No, tonight. (I just couldn't wait!) Any time tonight."

Again she paused. "Two a.m. is the best I can manage."

"Fine, fine. You'll need my name and address." I gave them to her and added, "I bumped into you at the door. I—I just couldn't take my eyes off—"

"See you at two," she interrupted and hung up. She came out of her booth, looked into mine, ignored my smile, and walked away—not back to the bar, but out into the street.

If she made it too business like—

I returned to the bar and finished my drink. I had functioned over a period of three hours, and observed the Little World of Don Horace with more than usual eyeteam. Then I went to my apartment, showered, shaved, applied manly talcum, and dressed in my best lounging pajamas. I turned down the lights, loaded the hi-fi with Peggy Lee, set out a bottle of Scotch and a bowl of ice cubes.

She wouldn't be business-like at all by Bacchus! We'd get the money part out of the way immediately, and then I'd prove that my feelings had started at the point of her desirability, not her accessibility. After all, I hadn't known she was a—

Somehow, I couldn't think of her that way. She was a sexy thing, eminently stimulating, but there seemed to be something else, a suggestion of ordered personality that (in my experience) just didn't go with her trade.

At five after two the chimes sounded. I opened the door. "Hello," she said, and it seemed to me she was pale.

"C'mon in, honey."

"Miss Edmundson," she said quickly. "Susan Edmundson."

"Oh." I said vaguely, remembering an Edmundson from somewhere. I was impressed with her system—each customer knowing her by a different name. I could see where it might give the D.A. a tough time some day. "I'm to call you Sue Edmundson from now on."

"Everyone calls me Sue Edmundson," she replied, and I could've sworn she was blushing, her eyes sticking to my face in overly conscious avoidance of my pajama outfit. She stepped past me into the apartment. "And I'm not sure there'll be a 'from now on' with us."

I closed the door, startled. What kind of call girl was she?

Then I noticed she was wearing an entirely different ensemble—quiet blue cotton print dress with high neckline, tight waist and flaring skirt, beige stockings lacking the erotic promise of the others, sensible blue leather pumps with sensible heels.

We looked at each other, and now I was sure about the blush—it had suffused her face and neck, and was getting stronger every second.

She was even more desirable than before—in a different way.

"Hey," I said, "what is this?"

She made a feeble hand motion, but couldn't seem to speak.

I stepped right up to her, put my

(Continued on page 1 page)

hands on her arms The effect was as great if not greater than before, but this time I exerted self-control and didn't babble "Are you or aren't you—"

"I'm not" she said, and her eyes fell "I—I feel as if I've played an awfully cheap trick on you"

His arms went around her waist "Trick?"

She nodded, and made a feeble effort to free herself I still didn't have the slightest idea what it was all about but decided to act injured I figured it might that you'll pardon the expression) put me on top of the situation "You mean you made me work myself into—"

"I didn't make you do anything!" she protested I—you—you did it yourself even though Uncle Horace and I—"

"Horace!" I shouted, and held on as she tried to jerk free "That's where I've heard the name Edmundson before Horace Edmundson! You're a relative of that pink headed booze dispenser!" While emulating a Barrymore topside I put the rest of me to work a la Elvis

"He said you were an executive and handsome and I should meet you" she wailed "He said I'd be doing you a favor because you were on the way to bachelorhood and loneliness He said he recognized the signs because he himself had gone the same way He read a story where an uncle used a stratagem—"

"Aha!" I said, and squeezed that plump waist tightly "So now the foul plot emerges! He felt I'd make passes only at a—"

"That was your own reasoning!" she interrupted, but my inside work was having its effect there was no edge to her voice and she no longer tried to get away In fact she shifted weight adjusting her body to mine, and placed her head on my shoulder "We just decided to make me mysterious We had a friend call the bar—like in the story Uncle Horace read We figured that you'd become intrigued and want to date me, and I'd put you off and finally I'd give in—"

That's the spirit" I murmured, and began moving her backwards toward the couch

"No I mean I was going to date you I wasn't supposed to come up here at all I was supposed to let you simmer—"

"I understand, honey You just happened to be passing my door on the way to a friend's sick bed—"

"No I felt guilty I wanted to enniess and call the whole thing off" Her voice was very weak now "Please stop Uncle Horace thinks I'm in my room at the Woman's Hotel"

"Fine" We were almost at the couch "What about those two other dates—at ten thirty and twelve?"

"I do two shows a night" She named a club famous for its beautiful choruses "It's nice work but I don't want to be a star or anything so I've been looking for a husband"

"Sure baby But that comes after"

"After what?"

I maneuvered her onto the couch and answered with a long kiss A few minutes later she whispered "Well, I guess it's only fair after what Uncle Horace's stratagem made you think"

When I dropped into the bar a week or so later Horace's white skinned head (he paled on seeing me) approached rapidly "Why was she out all night?" he said in a controlled shout.

"Who? What night?"

"Don't torment me," he begged, and began enumerating, in frenzied fashion the many advantages of marriage

Since he himself is a bachelor I found it easy to confound him with tart rejoinders Finally he gave up and staggered away muttering hoarsely "I'll sue the Post for this!"

I bade him goodnight and hurried home to shower shave, dress in my best lounging pajamas, and wait for two a m. She'd promised to wear that stimulating black outfit

The End

THE GIRL WHO GAVE

(Continued from page 16)

said, "Maybe" in a wary way

Fran, who was nothing if not a good reporter began to fish. "Maybe something'll be cooking later on."

The girl looked a little uneasy. Obviously she didn't quite trust Fran "Dunno," she said, and shrugged

Fran hesitated. "I think I might have a party coming up later on," she said "But I'm not sure Only there's two fellas who want the date" This was, of course, not true Fran was simply playing the percentages She could, of course, fake a phone call later and say the dates had been cancelled. And in the meanwhile, perhaps she could start the girl talking

Now the girl seemed a little more interested "Well, I haven't exactly got anything on myself," she said. "Only you can't tell if something will turn up"

"That's the truth" Fran said She was beginning to feel curiously excited There was something about the conversation that she enjoyed. It was a game, she was playing at being a highly sexual woman and she liked that She liked it particularly because there was no risk involved She would get off the hook at the end, go home, take a warm shower and be in bed with a good book But in a way it was fun to play the game

And so she went on talking with the girl First Fran bought a round of drinks and then the girl, whose name turned out to be Alma something or other bought a round They grew chummy Indeed, Alma had had her experiences She was a model, she claimed But model work was scarce, and—well a girl had to eat, didn't she?

And to her vast surprise, Fran found herself telling a story or two They were made up stories, of course. But with the Manhattans under her belt they almost seemed real to Fran It was exciting it was all part of the game "There was this one fella I used to go with," Fran said, dropping automatically into the argot of Alma's profession "he used to beat me a lot But he was generous I can say that for him He was a fast man with a

back. I never had to mention anything but once and he'd get it for me. I didn't mind being beaten so much with a fella like that."

Alma nodded. "I know what you mean, honey. It ain't fun to be beaten, but these cheap ones are worse. A good man, maybe he'll beat you but he'll come through with the stuff in the end. I like a man like that."

And thus they went on. Alma was completely taken in. So naturally did Fran Biddle play the game that it seemed to the real call girl that Fran was even more experienced in the line than she was herself. And oh, wasn't Fran enjoying herself! It was wonderful fun to play at passion, without actually indulging in it.

It began to get on. Time passed. And finally Alma said: "What about these dates you said about? Do you think they'll show?"

Fran shrugged. "I don't know," she said. She was sorry that Alma had brought it up. It would mean an end to the game. She wanted to go on with the game a little longer. She tried to stall, but Alma wouldn't let her.

"Maybe you oughtta call them up," she said.

Fran nodded. There was nothing for it. She went to the phone, slipped in a dime, dialed her own home number, and while the long rings buzzed in her ears carried on a spurious conversation with a fake somebody at the other end. Then she came back to the bar. "No dice," she said. "He's turned up something."

Alma shrugged. "That's the way it goes," she said. "Sometimes you could starve to death." She sipped at her Manhattan, and then suddenly something occurred to her. "Say, I got it," she said. "I got a fella I could call. Maybe nothing, well, come to it, but it's worth a try."

Fran nodded. "Why not?" she said, happy that the game might go on for a little while longer. So Alma went to the phone, and in a few minutes she returned with a smile on her face.

"It's all set," she said. "He's game, and he's got a friend with him. We'll get up and have a little party. Don't she saw the shadow of doubt cross Fran's face. "Unless you don't feel

(Continued on page 7 [illegible])

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like it.'

Hastily Fran wiped the misgivings from her expression. "Oh no, that's fine,' she said. "That's okay."

But as they went out of the bar into the night she began to feel un easy. The game was getting a little too real. She could get out of it with out much trouble. She could simply say she didn't feel well and walk away, walk away to that hot shower and that good read in bed that was waiting for her at home. But still, she didn't. The game was fun. She wanted to carry it along just a little longer, to go with it just for another hours or so. That was all.

And then she reasoned it would make a better story if I really were in on some of the inside stuff. To Fran, a better story was something hard to turn down. She was getting paid, wasn't she? She ought to do the best she could shouldn't she? And so she got into the cab with Alma and in a little while they were in an apart ment in Manhattan's fashionable East Fifties. It was a handsome place, the apartment. Big mirrors glistened on the walls, a rug thick as a cake lay on the floor, the windows gave on the vow of the East River with the loops of light on the bridge going across making a magical scene of it all.

The men were not as handsome as the view, but they were not so bad either. Or at least one of them wasn't. The other was a rather roly poly butter ball type, with a toupe and ashes on his suit. He was Alma's friend. He was nice enough, polite to them when they came in, taking their coats to hang them in a closet in the foyer, ushering them forward, performing all the introductions in the proper man ner. His friend, however, was a good deal more prepossessing. A tall, mus cular man with a heavy tan, he spoke in the accents of the Southwest and grinned cheerfully when Fran was presented to him. 'Hiya,' he said. His name was Dave Gilman, he was big in oil out there somewhere, and he was in New York on some kind of busi ness. Instantly he took Fran by the arm, led her over to the sofa, and sat down with his lean haunches pressed close to her warm, soft hips. Inwardly Fran winced. But she had to go along, she wanted to get her story, and be sides she enjoyed playing the game, even if it was getting a little risky.

So the roly poly butterball got a round of drinks... or rather got two more drinks, for the men already had drinks in front of them, and a number of drinks inside them. For that matter Fran had three drinks inside her too. But she wasn't worried about it. It was only a game. In a moment she would go into the bathroom, pretend to throw up, and then ask to be ex cused. There wasn't any danger in volved. She could get out of it easily enough. But for awhile she wanted to go on with the game, just go on with the game. Certainly she wouldn't go any farther than the game. She had no intention of that. But the game—that was harmless enough.

So she drank her drink and chatted with Dave Gilman. He was an inter esting talker although somewhat boast ful about his success in the business world, and a little too inclined to talk about how much money he was making and so forth. But Fran didn't mind. She went on with the game.

And then suddenly Alma and the roly poly butterball got up and ex cused themselves. In a moment they were gone, into a bedroom somewhere.

Now Fran thought, I must arrange my exit. I can't sit here any longer. We're getting to the close of it. The game is about over. She felt a little regretful. She was sorry the game was over. She had been anjoying it. But there was nothing for it. She must go.

But for a moment longer she sat and then suddenly she noticed that Dave Gilman's arm was stealing around her shoulders, that his fingers were mov ing toward the top of her dress. She almost gasped aloud, but she did not. Somehow she managed to smother her surprise, but it wasn't easy. A man had never had his hands in the top of her dress before. It was something she had never had happen to her before. Confused, bewildered, she sat still for a moment. Then she pulled away and stood. Now was the time. "I'm sorry—' she began.

But Dave Gilman just grinned. "Oh I forgot," he said. He reached into his coat pocket for his wallet.

Fran stared at him. Then she said, "I mean, you see—' But he was taking a hundred dollar bill from his wallet, and she froze. Go, she thought. Go now.

But suddenly a penetrating regret swept her. Must she quit the game now? Must it be over? It had been such a lovely game. She had enjoyed it so much.

She looked over at Gilman. He was laying the hundred dollar bill under her glass so that it would not fall from the table. And she thought, why not? Why not go on with the game a little longer? Just a little longer—it wouldn't do any harm. In time she would plead sickness, leave the bill on the table, and go. Surely there was no harm in that.

Slowly, in an almost thoughtful man ner, she took off her tailored jacket and laid it on the sofa. Then she began to unbutton her blouse. She did not look at Dave Gilman. She simply took off the blouse, and unsnapped her brassiere. This too she laid on the sofa. She raised her eyes a little. Gilman was unbuttoning his shirt.

Now, she thought, now I should stop. But she did not. Instead she slipped loose the zipper at the side of

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her skirt. Then she noticed that the bill was gone. "Oh," she said. "I really—"

Gilmore grinned. "Don't worry. I put it in your purse for safekeeping."

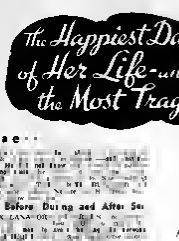
Oh but— she said. And he was next to her, his body pressing tight against her. Then his hands went around her waist and under her knees, and he was carrying her to the sofa and putting her down.

Now, she thought, now I must stop the game. "I—" she said. But his lips pressed down on her warm soft moist mouth, and suddenly she was returning his kiss. The game she thought the game must stop now.

But a feeling was moving in her, a real feeling, a wonderful happy feeling, and she suddenly remembered the hundred dollar bill in her purse. She had accepted her salary. Certainly she ought to give full value. She always did. It was a principle with her—to give full value. And then without knowing much how it happened she discovered that the game was over and the real thing was happening. And so she gave full value.

The End





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than he had thought. Miss Jones had been around so long that she seemed to be some kind of fixture. Everybody would have said she was much older than that—thirty-five, perhaps. He took a look at her out of the corners of his eyes. True, when you looked closely you could see that her skin was still fresh and dewy. It was her homeliness that made her look older.

He cleared his throat again. "I see," he said. "Well, I'm sorry about this in view of the fact that you've been with us so long."

She looked up, stricken. "You're going to fire me, aren't you?" she said woefully. Then she began to cry.

Frank stared at her for a minute unhappily, and then he rose from his chair and patted her on the shoulder. He hadn't realized it was going to be this bad. He had thought that she would take it hard, but he hadn't thought that she would cry, as she was now doing. Her sobs began to increase. He began to think she might be growing hysterical. And he knew that as office manager it was his job to deal with these things swiftly and concisely.

He touched her shoulder. "Come, Miss Jones," he said. "It isn't all that bad. I'm going to buy you a drink and we'll discuss it some more. I'm sure you'll be able to find something else very shortly. Who knows, it might be even better." Gently, he hauled her to her feet. She allowed him to do so, keeping her tear-wet face still bent forward. Then he went in search of her coat and his and slipped her out of the office, down the elevator and across the street to a little bar where he often took lunch.

Immediately Miss Jones perked up a bit and dried her tears. "Oh," she said. "I've never been here before. I like it. My sister was here once, though."

Frank could see that she was beginning already to forget about what had happened and he decided he'd better steer her back onto the subject. This was after all not a luncheon of lovers but a firing. But first he ordered two martinis, and spoke of inconsequentialities until Miss Jones had got the better part of her drink down. Frank wanted to be sure she was well bolstered before he hit her again with the bad news. A good office manager should be able to fire without hurting people's feelings, he knew. He would buy her a couple of drinks and a good lunch (on the expense account) and then slip in the facts in an easy way so that she would hardly notice what had hit her.

And so he began. "You see, the trouble is, Miss Jones, that we're reorganizing the office set-up. I've some changes I want to make, and your job will be split up between two other people. You understand it's nothing personal, simply a rearrangement." He sipped hastily at his drink.

She shook her head a little sadly, but not so sadly as she had before. "No, you're firing me because I don't come in on time, and because my work is sloppy and because I go home early. That's it, isn't it?" Her voice was low and sad and Frank began to feel like a miserable heel.

But there was no point in lying about it any longer, and so he said, his own voice rather unhappy, "Yes, I'm afraid that's so, Miss Jones. To be honest, I hate to do it, but the facts are the facts. I'm sorry. You seem like a nice person, but you do understand that I couldn't let this go on any longer. It's bad for the morale of the rest of the girls." He was beginning to feel that his words had a hollow ring, but at least they had been said, and at least Miss Jones seemed to be willing to go along without any tears. A miserable piece of work, Frank admitted. But then sometimes one had dirty jobs to do to get along in business.

Her hands before her rather primly on the table, Miss Jones stared down at her drink. "Could I have another of these?" she said.

Of course. Frank said quickly, and ordered two more martinis.

And so they drank the fresh drinks and talked half-heartedly, and rather solemnly about what Frank could do for her in the way of references and

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severance pay and what was to be done about the Hospital Insurance Plan and the retirement fund and all the rest of it. But Frank had little heart for it. He would rather let these details go until another day. Still he wanted to keep up a rather dry business front so that Miss Jones would not burst into tears again and so he went on explaining about sick leave pay and vacation pay due on the severance.

And they had another drink. Frank was a little curious how that happened but somehow he found himself with a third martini in his hands. And so that was drunk and then very suddenly Miss Jones was standing and saying, "I'd rather not go back to the office today if you don't mind. Perhaps you'd take me home? I'd like to see my sister."

Frank stood uneasily. He didn't like the ring of that. He didn't really believe that Miss Jones would try and seduce him, but there was a chance of it. She might just be that desperate. And that would be even sadder than the firing. For Miss Jones was homely. Frank simply had no desire to make love to her at all. Of course he would train her down and her feelings would be hurt. And then on top of it he was supposed to be back at the office. Not that he wasn't allowed to set his own time about business lunches but still it wouldn't do him any good with the brass upstairs to be taking three hour lunches his first week on the job.

But on the other hand, Miss Jones seemed so sad and pathetic and so likely to cry again that he thought he'd better. And so he ushered her out into the street called a cab and gave her address. For the whole trip down he said nothing. Neither did Miss Jones. She simply sat grimly in the side of the cab quiet and still. And Frank decided she was not going to try and seduce him after all. A woman bent on seduction would have been leaning close to him pressing her hips against his and all the rest of it.

And then when they reached the address, Miss Jones excused herself for a moment and went around the corner to the drugstore and made a phone call. In a moment she returned

(Continued on next page)

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smiling almost brightly I just called to see if my sister was home I'd like you to meet her she said

Frank grew uneasy He began to get the picture now The sister Miss Jones had mentioned the sister several times The sister was a cripple—or an idiot—or something worse Frank could see it all Miss Jones was the sole support of her sister her sick, helpless sister And so that was why the other managers had never been able to fire her It had been too pathetic And immediately Frank knew that if he were going to fire Miss Jones he'd better not go up He had a soft heart, he knew that The sister would get him, and he'd keep Miss Jones on I think I'd better get back to the office he said glumly

Oh please Miss Jones said Please come and meet her She'd love to meet you It would do her so much good

Frank sighed How could he say no? All right But then I really must go

So they mounted the stairs and then Miss Jones swung the door open and skipped on in ahead of him I'll get my sister she said And she disappeared into another room Frank stood waiting wondering how soon he could get out of it and stealing his heart against the pathos of Miss Jones' sister

And then he heard someone say I'm Miss Jones sister and he turned around to look

The girl who was coming into the room from the bedroom was the most astonishing woman he had ever seen She was entirely naked Her long blonde hair hung down nearly to the backs of her knees Her skin was absolutely flawless from top to bottom Her breasts were perfect up tilted tipped with a rosebud on each full and warm and suggesting a soft yielding Her hips were full but not heavy They swung in a round way up from her lovely creamy thighs into a waist that was small and incredibly supple

Frank simply gasped The woman came toward him her arms outstretched put them around Frank's neck and brushed him lightly across his face with her moist soft lips I'm so glad to meet you she said softly It's been so long since we've had a new office manager

In her arms Frank braced himself for the struggle He would break away and flee down the stairs run back to the office and mail Miss Jones her severance pay But then the sister pulled tighter at his neck pressing his lips tight against hers No he whispered

Pick me up she said

As if in a dream he did so placing her gently on the couch I was hoping we'd get a new manager soon she said I didn't like that old one But you're nice You're so nice She held him tight

Her warm sweet breath was on his face her pliant breasts touched his chest and he knew he knew how it was He knew why Miss Jones came in late and left early He knew why she was sloppy in her work and never got fired And furthermore, he knew why she would go on working for the firm why she would never be fired He gave up and put his mouth on the girl's It didn't matter There were other things besides business Miss Jones could get on coming and going as she pleased—as long as she had this sister

The End



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THE WIFE

(Continued from page 33)

"Gr ruff!" Biff barked jokingly feinting a pass at her

Gloria's anger melted as quickly as a slives of ice in a warm drink Wrapping the gossamer gown loosely about hes she glanced oves one shoulder stroking it suggestively "Yon could stay the night He never gets back till noon."

"Uh-uh, no tempting Another man's bed's not for sleeping—anyway how would I explain at home?" He shrugged defeat giving her one of his irresistible smiles "Now come on, check me, will you?"

Gloria clenched her sharp white teeth and looked him over Wuh a half hearted gestnre she wiped at an osange red lipstick smndge on his right shonlder "There! Inspection complete."

Biff glanced toward the spot doubtfnlly "Better use soap and water" he said, heading fos the bathroom

"Can't be too eareful, ean we, *dear*?" She called after him sarcastically

"I m not looking fos tronble."

Trouble! Gloria flung herself back on the bed and beat the mattress with her fists. Tronble—spelled WIFE! How she detested that sneaky suspicions woman Better to be the kind of wife she herself was—cheating when she could—than one of those inspection bent home jailess! Why conldn't women jnst accept things? Damn bnt it made her furious how he had to watch ont for every little mark deatsoying any trace that they'd been together Oh, she could scream, scream screamf

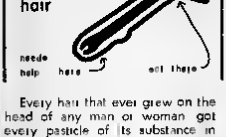
But as Biff returned to the room to finish dressing, she qnickly qnieted down to an angry scowl

"Hey," he said buttoning his shirt, don't look so pnt ont. There's always the next time, you know." He added a wink above the broad smile as he slipped into his jacket. Coming over to the bed, he threw her a kiss "Till then"

"Biff! Gloria reached eagerly np to him

(Continued on next page)

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"Baby baby" he softly dissuaded her "Didn't I just destroy the evidence? Not looking fun trouble remember?" Throwing her another kiss he turned and walked out of the bedroom

Hot tears of anger blurred Gloria's narrowed eyes as the door closed behind him Oh the trouble she'd like to give him! Him and that wife of his! One of these days she'd send him home with tell-tale marks all right—the kind there could be no washing off! She ran her tongue over her sharp teeth and bit the air in anticipation

But even as she planned the revenge she knew she enjoyed the relationship too much to endanger it What with Harold's Chicago branch meetings becoming more and more frequent such a safe distance from New York—who could ask for a better set up? It was just that that jealous cat—a wife of his upset her so!

As she tossed and turned her bitterness gradually diffused and she drifted deeper and deeper into the sea of sleep

* * *

A slight stirring in the early-gray morning light jolted her upright Clutching the sheet about her nude body she gasped Who's there?

Only me Harold's monotonous voice reassured her

Oh Sinking back in relief but half awake now she made a mental note not to count on his return again "What're you doing back so early anyway?"

"Took the midnight plane Have some important things coming up at the office today Figured I'd come home shower change get down there early"

His explanations droned on over coming conferences meetings business problems Gloria listened with half an ear while watching him undress She couldn't resist comparing his bare puffy pasty white body to Bill's fine firm virile splendor

Suddenly however her comparisons cut off abruptly and she bristled to sitting position again Rubbing her eyes to completely clear any sleep she leaned forward and focused them intently on blemishes at the side of his neck Though the light was dim she could discern unmistakeably the red imprints of lipstick

A low rumble sounded in the pit of her throat Flinging aside the covers she sprang like a wild jungle animal to sink long nails into his soft flesh Clawing kicking biting she screamed with the fury of all women betrayed "You louse you rotten cheating louse you!"

The end





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DOUBLE TROUBLE *(Continued from page 43)*

I told her I was preparing to leave and asked her if it could wait until tomorrow but she insisted that it couldn't and begged me to give her permission to come up. "All right." I conceded and hung up.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when she called and not three minutes later she knocked softly on the door. I told her to come in and stood to my feet. It was dimly lit as I had shut off most of the lights in preparation to leave and before I had a chance to turn them back on again she was standing in the doorway. At first I wasn't sure I was seeing correctly when I looked at her framed in the entrance. The only thing I was aware of immediately was an intense heat that swept through my body.

"Are you alone?" She politely asked.

"Yes." I muttered and watched her enter.

If you're wondering why a heat welled in my body, it was solely due to her appearance. Aside from the fact that she was dressed well and in fine taste, she had the most beautiful face I had ever seen. Beneath it was a figure that a sculptor would pride himself in molding. Her legs were long and there wasn't too much of a sway in her hips as she walked in long strides across my office floor. And when she reached the light that came from my desk, I saw clearly a large pair of dark blue eyes that seemed to penetrate into my very thoughts, a firm chin and a straight nose. As I gaped at her beauty, I found it difficult to speak because of the lump that formed in my throat. "Are you the young lady that just called?"

"That's right," she said in a soft voice. "May I sit down?"

I motioned her over to my leather sofa and watched her every movement libidinously as she sat there and crossed her long legs. I remembered lighting a cigarette just for the sake of doing something, and leaned against the edge of my desk to study her further.

I found you in the Yellow Pages by taking the closest one in the neighborhood. My name is Diane Redwood."

"From the tone of your voice it sounds serious," I said with a small grin trying to make nothing of something. "What seems to be the trouble?"

She hesitated in answering but I wasn't paying much attention to that. Actually my own reaction dominated my thoughts at that moment more than anything else. It was evident that I was very sexually attracted to this woman and found it almost impossible to hold back my emotion. For some strange reason, I trembled all over because all at once I had realized my own retrogression to my most primitive instincts and animalistic impulses. For that split second there was no society of mankind or civilization in which I took an important role. And what hurt me more than anything was my desire to break every moral code I had lived with by taking to satisfy my lust whether she wanted to or not. I know the word 'rape' sounds not only ridiculous but almost incredible and yet I couldn't help but be frank with myself knowing what was on my mind.

She seemed to be working up the nerve to say something. "Believe me doctor I wouldn't take it upon myself to come up here unless I thought it was important enought to consider it an emergency."

"I understand, Miss Redwood. Please feel free to discuss with me whatever is troubling you."

"That's why I chose a psychiatrist, because I know you will understand things like this and somehow I feel justified in telling you what the trouble is something I have never revealed to anyone in all my life." She waited for me to say something but I didn't react. And during that brief lapse of silence, I kept staring at the sheen on her nylon-covered legs. At length she said. "To begin with I am a married woman. I've been married for five years now and up until two years ago enjoyed a thoroughly healthy and romantic relationship with my husband." She hesitated trying to collect her thoughts as I buried smoke in my lungs. I began to notice sweat break out on her face as she started to rub her slender fingers against each other.

Ever since I was a little girl I was extremely close to my father. When he passed away I was fifteen then I began to have mysterious desires for men. I wasn't sure at that time in my young life exactly what it was but the first time my date advances toward me, I realized I wated a man in the worst way." She was avoiding my eyes now. "Since I came from a respectable home and was fairly well educated, I controlled my feelings as best I could. The most advantageous weapon I had at that time, of course, was the fact that I never had a man." There was a thin grin on her lips as she looked back at me but her voice grew somber. "You know what they say, Dr. Collins — what you don't know, you don't miss." I said nothing and her fingers began twitching again after stopping for a brief moment. Then, after a short pause she began to dig her painted nails into the leather arm of the sofa. "Five years ago when I married, I ended the most torturous time of my life by satisfying my sexual hunger with my husband. During the two years that followed, every immoral aggressive feeling that I suffered during my youth was forgotten. It was the happiest era in my life since my father had died."

She looked up and waited for me to say something but I kept silent and smoked my cigarette. Thus far her case was routine and nothing moved me into mentioning anything.

When Diane Redwood realized I was waiting for her to go on she lowered her head and said. "My husband is an extremely busy man and I would appreciate it if he were kept completely out of this." She paused and swallowed hard. "Because of the nature of his business he began finding less and less time for me until it finally reached a point where our sexual relationships practically ceased to be. In a sense I suppose it was partially my fault because I thought too much of myself during lovemaking and in my excitement didn't bother to think about his own enjoyment. Of course, I realized this too late and since he is

(Continued on next page)

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oblet than I onr love life soon reached its end." She watched the smoke trail from my nostrils and went on talking. "It was at that time, three years ago, that those wanton feelings began to dominate my body again and in short, I found myself back in the same boat. The guilt in my mind delayed any reaction on my part because I felt it was my fault but slowly and surely those guilt feelings toward myself and my role as a sane individual subsided and the only thing I began to think of was the satisfaction of my own cravings." She closed her eyes for a moment and her tone softened. "For three years, Dr. Collins, I hid my lips and called myself all sorts of names because I began to look at other men and wanted them terribly. I know I'm a good looking woman which makes me feel even more guilty, knowing that I can have anyone that I want. Now it's grown to a point that almost any man that desires and wants me—" She trailed off and sank her teeth deep into her lips. I could tell she was on the verge of tears. "The obsession has grown to such a state that I feel I cannot hold it off any longer. I know to have another man would satisfy me—not for very long, perhaps, but at least it would prevent me from going completely out of my mind."

When she stopped and silence poured into the room, I twirled my cigarette out in the desk ash tray and tried desperately to act as nonchalantly as possible. When I finally looked back at her and our eyes locked, I felt the heat come again.

A moment later her hand gripped the arm of the sofa as I said, "What do you want me to do about it?" I felt stupid saying that but it was the first thing I could think of. "You came up here for a reason. Was it just to tell me all this?"

She stood to her feet, her tall frame poised and demanding, and walked to the darkened side of the room where the rays of light couldn't penetrate thickly. Her back was to me when she shook her head and muttered, "I don't know. I'm not sure. All at once I had to get this thing out of me and I couldn't think of anybody to tell it to except someone as a stranger who would be a position to best understand my problem without condemning me."

I remained where I was even though I had a strong impulse to follow her. "Did you ever think of treatment?"

"Yes, I've given it lots of thought. It's completely out of the question."

"Why?"

"That's personal."

"I think this whole conversation is personal."

"Yes, I know. I simply can't tell you my reason."

I hesitated before speaking, trying to collect myself. "Then if you don't want treatment, what else can I possibly offer you?"

"—. Advice," she said after a moment. "I want you to tell me it's all right. I want you to tell me to go ahead and do what I want to do."

"And you'll probably hate me for it."

"No. I'll probably hate myself afterwards but I can't take it any more. If I could—if I had any strength left, I would have never had the courage to come up here."

She was right. There really wasn't anything I could tell her to do except to go right ahead and do it if she didn't want treatment to cure herself. That much I would do for a mad dog, let alone a human being. But in a case like that—not should I say in my own case—if she had to have a man—if she had to satisfy herself.

I just couldn't bring myself about to concede to my own lewd thoughts. The only thing I could think of was delaying the situation so that I might have enough time to line up my thoughts objectively. Luckily an idea came to me. "Let me offer you this suggestion. It might sufficient—not at least for the time being to put it off for a week. I say this because you built a lot of pressure inside your mind and now you are somewhat relieved because you got it out of your system—by that I mean talking to me—something you had never done before. If by getting it out into the open the burden is lessened—well, at any rate it's worth a try."

She pondered that. "And if it doesn't work?"

"I'll make an appointment with you right now for next week. Come up and see me then and we'll decide to what's best for you."

Diane Redwood seemed satisfied with that for the present but I knew it wouldn't work. And long after she had gone I sat in my office, wishing that the time would go faster so that next week would be the next instant.

The nights that followed were torture for me. And suddenly I realized that I was in the exact same predicament as Diane Redwood. It was this time who needed the help. That's the reason I called you, doctor. Even though I feel so thoroughly ashamed of myself I cannot help but want to satisfy this lust I have for her."

Dr. Braveman puffed a billow of thick smoke into the air and watched the patterns it made before speaking. "I'll admit it's a very unusual circumstance. Exactly what is it you want of me, Dr. Collins?"

"The real truth about the situation. Hang ethics and hang professional morals. At least that's what I keep telling myself." Dr. Collins paused for a moment and studied the other man. "Seriously, doctor, what do you think—professionally as well as man to man? And bear this in mind. I'm not treating the woman. She is not my patient. It just happened to be my office where we met, but it could have been anyplace—a street car or a nightclub."

(Continued on next page)



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I see what you mean Personally I'm not sure what to say to you Needless to say, there are many circumstances against you considering your professional standing But as you say she is not your patient and therefore not your responsibility Moreover if it isn't you—if you don't mind my speaking with candor it will undoubtedly be someone else He thought for a moment and shook his head 'I'm not sure what I would do if I were in your shoes I might not ever consult anyone but go right ahead with my urge And then again I might turn go directly to her husband" He pumped more smoke into the air and regarded Dr Collins "Why don't you let me think about it for a while After giving the matter some objective thought I'll telephone you Will that be all right?" He rose to his feet

Dr Collins followed suit "Your opinion will be most appreciated"

Dr Braveman shut off the lights in his inner office where they had been sitting then reached for his keys to lock up the place Together they entered the outer room which led to the main corridor At that precise moment Dr Collins froze in his tracks His face went white as he saw Diane Redwood sitting there her long legs crossed her body straight and poised She offered no recognition whatsoever of his presence and rose to her feet

Dr Braverman smiled at her then turned to him 'I'd like you to meet my wife'

Dr Collins' jaw went limp as he studied every expression in her face but she didn't move a muscle out of place as her lips spread into a friendly grin 'I'm pleased to meet you She trailed off

Dr Collins, Dr Braverman informed her

"Are you a professional friend of my husband?" She inquired innocently

Dr Collins was ready to be bowled over with a feather but prided himself in not displaying any reaction to this violent shock At first he couldn't grasp the situation or realize why at least she failed to show any sign of shock or surprise, and trying desperately to think was quite convinced a moment later that she actually didn't know who he was!

"I'm pleased to meet you Mrs Mrs Braveman" he finally forced out

"Speaking of beautiful women Dr Braveman said with a warm grin on his lips "what do you think of my lovely wife?"

"Lovely isn't the word" he gulped feeling as though he looked stupid saying it

After he left them Dr Collins walked the dark streets for what seemed like half the night trying to piece together as sanely as he could the situation he now found himself in A schizophrenic he kept mumbling to himself Or at least she was capable of turning it off and on like hot and cold water It's happened with thousands of those cases before

Now he know why she didn't want to be treated because her husband himself was a psychiatrist The fear of him finding out was enough to push the thought out of her mind

She was even more nervous than ever when she marched into his office that evening of her appointment and sat immediately where she had sat before Diane Redwood or whatever her real name was looked exactly the same as he remembered her and the very sight of the woman's figure stirred him deeply

The situation has grown worse she informed him I really didn't expect it to change but now at least I feel justified in that I have given it a try Telling you only seemed to have stired more excitement in me Please say it's all right doctor'

She meant every word of it and he knew it all too well He hungered to sit down next to her and kiss her face and neck the smoothness of her white flesh Blood washed through his face at the smell of her perfume and out of a sudden surge of his own mental power he whirled around, forcing himself not to look at her "Mrs. Redwood "

"Diane," she cut in softly her voice a throaty whisper

"All right Diane If you want it straight from the shoulder—" He trailed off not really wanting to say it but knowing he had no choice. He wanted her and—he couldn't do it And yet he knew he would have to tell her He clamped his jaw tightly together in anger as his own frustration kept his body trembling Then he heeled around and forced himself to look at her again The shadows of the darkened room played with the almost perfect features of her face and he could feel her breath quickly as she waited for him to say something

"Yes yes" she prompted her teeth digging into her lips "Oh please tell me and let me get out of here!"

He swallowed hard and forced himself to gain control of himself "All right I can't really stop you from doing what you want to do"

His words were cut off by the ringing telephone There was sweat on his face as he clutched the instrumental fiercely "Yes?"

Dr Collins?'

"Yes" he answered hoarsely

'This is Dr Braveman"

A cold feeling shot up Dr Collins' spine 'Yes doctor I was waiting all week for your call'

"I meant to several times but kept procrastinating To be frank with you doctor inasmuch as she isn't your patient but an ordinary good looking woman who could be anyone at all and since there is no professional law that prohibits you from seeing any one woman socially I can't see any harm in this innocuous situation from following through with your own social whims'

A long pause of silence followed

"I see Dr Collins finally mumbled "Thank you doctor"

Dr Braveman chuckled on the other end "Let me know how it all works out you rascal"

Dr Collins' arm was numb as he dropped the receiver back in its cradle He mopped his face with his handkerchief and looked back at her Diane Redwood had folded her legs beneath her and in doing so the edge of her dress crawled up above her knees Their stares locked for what seemed an eternity

"Now where was I" Dr Collins began, feeling the heat come again

The end

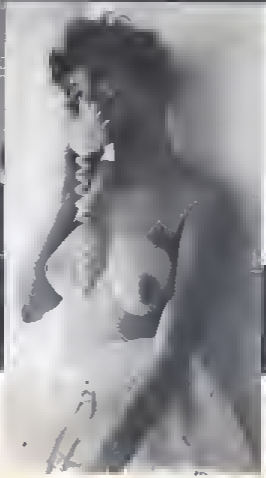


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